

♩=115 "O wretched man that I am." Rom. 7. 13-24

1. How sore a plague is sin, To those by whom 'tis felt! The  
 2. O wretch-ed, wretch-ed man! What hor-rid scenes I view! I  
 3. When good I would per-form, Through fear or shame I stop, Cor-  
 4. [Of peace if I'm in quest, Or love my thoughts en-gage, En-

Christ-ian cries, "Un-clean, un-clean!" E'en though re-leased from guilt.  
 find, a-las! do all I can, That I can noth-ing do.  
 -rup-tion ris-es like a storm, And blasts the prom-ised crop.  
 -vy and an-ger in my breast That mom-ent rise and rage.]

5. [When for a humble mind  
 To God I pour my prayer,  
 I look into my heart, and find  
 That pride will still be there.]
6. How long, dear Lord, how long  
 Deliverance must I seek;  
 And fight with foes so very strong,  
 Myself so very weak?
7. I'll bear t' unequal strife,  
 And wage the war within;  
 Since death, that puts an end to life,  
 Shall put an end to sin.